

## THE CLUE OF THE PRIMROSE PETAL

### A MYSTERY STORY OF THE MOVIES BY HARVEY WICKHAM

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#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT.

High Melrose, a detective called "The Ferret," goes to Ivy Towers, on the Connecticut shore of the Sound, in accordance with a letter dated "Anxious." He is instructed to report to an advertisement appearing in the paper, a second-hand picture gallery projecting itself. Accompanying him is Clara Hope, his secretary. They find the Towers occupied by a motion picture company, one of whom is seen waiting for a picture. Clara becomes acquainted with the leading woman, Philippa, who insists upon calling her Charlotte Johnson. Philippa is dressed as Ophelia, and wears a dress of yellow primroses. Clara Hope is seen quarrelling in an upper room, as though over a card game, one of them crying, "Five aces!" The dead body of Jean Darhurst, an actor, is found on the stairs.

#### CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.) She turned. Beside her stood the little mouselike person, Minnie Deyo. "Look! Here comes Mr. Farlow." Without saying a word he walked to the stairs, examined what lay there and turned to the company. "This is very dreadful, my friends. Does any one know how it happened? Who was it turned on the area?" His voice, though trembling with deep concern, was softly modulated and agreeable. And certainly he had touched the root of the matter.

"Well, then, Farlow promised, 'has any one sent for the police?'" "There was an uneasy silence. In that case, why better act at once. Let me see—oh, yes—Peter, you are here. Telephone the police station, if you please."

"I've already taken it upon myself to phone, sir." "The line was dead, though. Perhaps the thunderstorm, sir. It's coming on now, quite severe."

Arrangements were made to send a limousine with a messenger direct to the station, and nothing further was said about the telephone. But it was only too obvious that the mechanical apparatus in Ivy Towers was misbehaving rather opportunely—for some body.

Out of an alcove stepped a man apparently about twenty-five years of age, his face haggard with anxiety. McClure suppressed an exclamation, and muttered:

"Looks like the fellow I saw outside studying the stars."

Clara also felt a tinge of recognition. For the newcomer's shoes were fitted with fancy buckles of a pattern she could not mistake. She noted, too, that he bore quite a striking resemblance to Estamps as she had seen him at the gate.

"Who is he?" asked Clara in an undertone. "That's Darhurst," Minnie responded. "Miss Bell was overcome by the shock of all this," Darhurst was saying. "She has fainted, that's all."

Everybody pressed in toward the alcove—and there lay Ophelia. She no longer wore a primrose wreath, and she had changed her dress to something more conventional.

"I'm quite all right—don't bother about me," Philippa opened her eyes and spoke. "It was only that dreadfully circular room they had just left a woman began to scream."

#### CHAPTER V.

THE woman had entered unnoticed, and was standing at the top of that dreadful stairway, shrieking and wringing her hands. It took several men to drag her away to a heavy oaken bench along the opposite wall.

The woman, with her brilliant coloring, voluptuous figure and abundance of raven black hair, was in her way as beautiful as anybody thus far seen at Ivy Towers, yet of a type which only a man would be apt to rave about. Her handsome sleeveless evening gown was of an extreme fashion, very close to the body, and swathed very tightly about the hips, and composed of black velvet unrelieved save by slashes here and there of dark red. And she wore French heels of such a height that it seemed more than likely that they were of metal throughout.

"That is Olga Legrand," said Minnie, following Clara in.

"Who is she?" asked Clara. "Our vamp."

"Vampire. She plays the wicked woman parts."

"Jean! Jean!" the vampire began to moan in a tone of grief which challenged scepticism.

"Come to think, how does she—how does anybody—know it is Jean?" Minnie went on. "I looked myself, and is—yes, you know—absolutely unrecognizable."

"How does it happen, Miss Legrand?" Farlow was asking, "how does it happen that you are so late in getting on the scene?"

The vampire lifted her head and stared.

"What do you mean? Why do you say I am late?"

"There is no reason for it, especially, excepting that you appear rather after everybody else."

"I came the minute I knew there was anything wrong. I—O, my God! You did? It's nearly half an hour since the lights went on. How long does it take to walk from your room?"

Olga rose and took a step forward. There was no doubting the genuineness of the passion which now blazed in her big black eyes.

"How dare you ask a thing like that? What lights are you talking about?"

"All the lights in the place went on, including the parachroma area."

"But there was a thunderstorm. I was lying on my bed with my head under the pillow so as not to see the lightning."

"If you didn't see the lights, how did you know there was anything wrong? How do you happen to be here at all?"

Olga Legrand shrank back in her seat, put her hands before her face, and began to moan again.

"Surely you don't think that I—O, haven't I a friend here?" At this, who should step out but Philippa Bell, apparently quite recovered.

## New Yorkers For A Day

### Of Two

Manchuria's Beauty, Fertility and Progressiveness Extolled by a Far East Railroad President, Who Says Its Greatness Is Due to Up-to-Date Railroads—If Summer Fur Animals Will Soon Be Extinct.

"Of all the countries of the Far East, the greatest facilities for railway transportation are in Manchuria and the development of that country is linked inseparably with the railways," declared K. Kaiss, assistant to the President of the South Manchuria Railroad of Dairen, Manchuria, who is now at the Pennsylvania.

"Manchuria is a beautiful country," he went on. Its fertile lands lie between two large mountain ranges, which are rich in lumber and mines. On the pine-covered slopes one sees the many colored roofs of the temples of Lamaism and Buddhist monasteries, behind whose mysterious doors is hidden the romantic history of the Ancient East.

"The railway with which I am connected was built in 1900 to form an arm of the great Trans-Siberian route from Europe to the Far East."

"Only yesterday Manchuria was the forbidden land, a part of China from which foreigners were barred. Now foreign firms have their representatives there, and towns planned and built after the best western models are springing up. It offers the best opportunity in the Orient for the exporter and investor."

At the Waldorf are Senator William Lorimer of Illinois, ex-Gov. Joseph P. Folk of Missouri, H. A. Stilwell of

the extinction of the fur bearing animals of the world, unless it goes out of fashion," declared James J. Kelly, naturalist, who is at the McAlpin, "and I wonder if the pleasure of wearing furs in summer is worth this sacrifice. In cold weather furs are a legitimate part of human clothing. Were this their only use, the existence of the wild fur bearing animals whose pelts humans covet would not be seriously threatened. But the cruelty of vanity, no less cruel because unthinking, is not a humorous matter. It is to be hoped that the fur will soon pass."

The casual gum-chewer has no idea of the amount of damage that that habit costs yearly, according to Daniel J. O'Brien, chief accountant of the McAlpin, who is statistically inclined. In addition to the millions of dollars spent on gum, he says, there is tremendous item charged against it for the army of men who are employed exclusively in cleaning up the gum which is thrown away.

It can be found under hotel tables, on the marble floors and in all kinds of out of the way places, and it costs no little sum to repair the damage.

"In American schools and colleges there are over 1,200 foreign-born students," asserted Thompson Stock, Secretary of the Cosmopolitan Club of the University of Michigan, who is at the Waldorf. "They will be the future diplomats, doctors, educators and captains of industry in their respective countries."

"The impressions which they receive here of American goods and business methods will later guide the diplomatic and trade policies of their countries."

At the Waldorf are Senator William Lorimer of Illinois, ex-Gov. Joseph P. Folk of Missouri, H. A. Stilwell of

Birmingham, England, and Thomas Taggart of French Lick, Ind.

Scene—Hotel Commodore. Time—Yesterday afternoon.

Enter Judge Keneaw Mountain Landis, baseball dictator, into lobby. As he walks to elevator small rubber ball comes his way, bounces at his feet. He catches it on the bound and looks about. Enter curly haired boy of four in rompers.

Boy—Say, gimme my ball. I want my ball back.

Judge Landis bounces it on the floor, catches it, and returns to owner. Boy smiles.

Boy—Say, let's play ball.

Judge—Sorry, but I have to go upstairs.

Boy—Aw, stay and play ball with me.

Judge—I can't, but you just keep on playing. I can see that you will make a great ball player one of these days. I hope to see you on the diamond.

Exit Judge and boy, both wreathed with smiles. Curtain.

One keen sportsman, who is taking no chances of getting left on the day of the big fight in Jersey, is Jacob Hopkins, Judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill., otherwise known as Chicago. Judge Hopkins arrived at the Commodore yesterday and announced that he would be here until July 5, when he will sail for Europe on the Aquitania. He is a great boxing enthusiast, and will be host to several friends.

Another man who knows more about sports than some of the people who invented them is Commander Douglas L. Howard, athletic officer at Annapolis, who is also at the Commodore.

\$13,000 for Death of Husband. Mrs. Nunziata Christiano, No. 315 Pleasant Avenue, is to receive \$13,000 to-day through a settlement reached yesterday in her suit against A. E. Norton and Company, steel contractors, for the death of her husband, Joseph, who was killed by the fall of a derrick belonging to the defendant company. The suit was for \$50,000.

## TWO U. S. SAILORS ALLEGED BANDITS

Captured by Posse After An Attack on a New Jersey Farmer.

POMPTON LAKES, N. J., June 22.—Two United States sailors in uniform were arrested yesterday for assaulting and trying to rob John H. Brown, fifty-five years old, a farmer of Pompton Plains. The sailors are Otten Clank, nineteen years old, of No. 200 East 122d Street, New York, an ordinary seaman attached to the Naval Training Station at Newport, R. I., and Joseph Willard, Shirlaw, twenty years old, of No. 324 East 123d Street, New York City, a gunner's mate, attached to the destroyer Truett, now at Newport, R. I.

Shirlaw, according to Chief of Police Debow of Pompton Plains, was employed as a farmhand some years ago by Brown and knew he carried money with him. The two men came here yesterday and attacked Brown with a club. His cries attracted a neighbor, who telephoned Chief of Police Debow. The men fled, missing \$300 Brown had in his pocket.

A citizens posse captured the sailors. They were arraigned before Recorder Hutchinson, pleaded guilty, and were sent to jail at Morristown. The naval authorities will also be notified.

Woman Drinks Indolence. Mrs. Catherine Verance, twenty-three, of No. 36 North Elliott Place, Brooklyn, was taken to Cumberland Street Hospital early to-day suffering from indolence poisoning. The police were told she drank it after a disagreement with her husband, Frank. Her condition is not serious.

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2,587 All-Wool Suits were \$45  
2,861 All-Wool Suits were \$40  
1,944 All-Wool Suits were \$35

2,089 All-Wool Suits were \$60  
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